Nuff Said

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

[Kool G. Rap]
Here's the motherfuckin magnificent
I'll even bag innocent motherfuckers
See suckers like there was ten I sent
So if you come in my way - great, I pull out the trey - eight
Kool G. Rap's your fate, and not your playmate
So all you niggaz on the floor, bitchin that shit is dead
Tell it to the motherfuckin mortician
So get ready to let the led out, I'm knockin niggaz dead out
and blowin the back of your fuckin head out
Cookin niggaz better than mama's dinner
So let the drama enter, I'm sendin niggaz to the trauma center
Because I'm rollin with force, tearin niggaz out the frame
like they was pictures of a bitch that I divorced
Boss, so come on nigga, get wild and loose
I whoop your motherfuckin ass and get arrested for child abuse
Even your bitch can get it nigga
I shove the barrel of a nine up her behind
and pull the fuckin trigger
Goin Psycho like Norman Bates, G. you better sedate
Because lately niggaz ain't able to take me
It ain't a man in the land that can stand G. Rap
Save that candy-rap, shit for the handicapped
Niggaz'll get slayed like a bunch of play pirates
Fuckin with me, y'alld rather fuck with the AIDS virus
Cause I set em up wet em up like sprinkles
And put niggaz to sleep longer than Rip Van Winkle
The quicker the shit, the quicker the hit, I'm peakin a fit
Leavin niggaz sicker than Liberace's dick
Good luck, another hood bucked
I kick you so far up your ass I get my motherfuckin foot stuck
See I manage to give niggaz more than a bandage
Blue Cross and Blue Shield, couldn't cover the motherfuckin damage
Cause I'm bold and bigger, puttin manholes in niggaz
and holdin triggers up, to them golddiggers
So if you all over my dick just like a rubber
My rap is so fat, I make ? and ? ? blubber
You better duck, I'm like a volcano when I erupt
you bitch-ass rappers'll get fucked

And you'll be one hoe, like Marilyn Monroe
left on death row, because I let the gun go
bang blow your motherfuckin brains out
But you need more than detergent to get that motherfuckin stain out
Cause I serve more crabs than Red Lobster's
When I pop shots, I leave lotsa dead mobsters
Put down the microphone whether unknown or famous
You're out of luck and I don't give a FUCK what your name is
Boy you better split, cause I'ma house shit
My dick'll be rich if you niggaz
wants to put your money where your mouth is
Gassed up ass nigga, come set it
Cause when I pick up the gun, that be the end of the unleaded
Now you could be a gold or a platinum artist
But deep down, you fuckin silly clowns know who's the hardest
Niggaz I watered down with the quarter pound
cause my slaughter sound can be caught around
and found the slaughter town
For the clowns got eighty rounds worth of ammo
Play it again Sam, put on my jams, fuck a piano
I'm leavin lame niggaz brain dead
Aww fuck it, nuff said

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